

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND LUNDNEY SCHOOL**  
The Bible and Prayer Book presented to the  
High School of Lundney, by the Rev. J. H. B. B. B. B.  
Lundney School, may be seen, for a few days,  
Sundays, George-street.

WILLIAM M. COOPER

N O T I C E

The Important and Extensive Sale of Choice  
BACONS, by JOHN G. COHEN, will take place  
Messrs. J. T. Towns and Co.'s Bonded Store, THURSDAY  
Wednesday, at 11 o'clock sharp.

**NOTICE**—The parties who took my THAI  
the Government, and the Government, on Friday  
instinct, by mistake, had better return her, to save his  
trouble, to Lewin Walk, Neutral Bay.

**NOTICE**—Whereas, my husband JOHN I

of 1860, and not having heard from him since April, the year 1860, I intend to get married in one month this date. MARY ANN FITZPATRICK, Sing January 27th, 1868.

received at my office, High-street, Dunedin, N.Z., at 1 o'clock p.m., of WEDNESDAY, the 1st April, for the construction of a stone graving dock, and works at Port Chalmers.

Drawings and specifications may be seen at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at the Public Works Office, High-street, Dunedin, N.Z.

The trustees do not bind themselves to accept the or any tender.

**R. B. MARTIN, Chairman Otago Dock Board**  
**LEARNMOTH, DICKINSON, and CO., Agents**

**FRIDAY, 7th February,** for the erection of a COTTAGE at Newtown. Plans and particulars with H. REUSS, Architect, 134, Pitt-street.

**NO BUILDERS.—TENDERS** received until DAY 7th February, for repairs required to re-

**TENDERS** required for Building small D  
HOUSE, Barque Mary and Edith. Apply to  
tain WEBB, on board, at Circular Quay.

**FOUND, a DOG.** The owner can have it by expenses. W. Sabers, 502, George-street.

**FOUND, a BOAT,** named "Ada," moored to H.R.N.S.N. Co.'s Wharf, can be had on apply.

**L**OST, in George-street, near the Market, a  
POODLE DOG. No. 2, Lyons-terrace.

**L**OST, at Cathedral, a new Brown Silk PARACH  
Reward given. 49, Lansdowne-street, Surry  
**L**OST, Lady's Brown Silk UMBRELLA, at Cath  
Reward will be paid. Mrs. LONGFORD, Ersk

**L**OST, between the Circular Quay and Botany Bay, Tuesday last, a Paisley SHAWL and gold BROOCH. Reward at 19, Charlotte-place, Church-hill.

**L**OST, from the H.R.N.S.N. CO.'S Wharf, on the instant one CALF. Reward if returned.  
F. J. THOMAS, Manager.  
Offices, foot of Market-street.

**£1 REWARD.**—STRAYED from Ferry Road, Point, a Black HORSE, star in forehead, but

**£1 REWARD.**—Lost on the night of Tuesday 21st instant, a Gold WATCH. The finder receive the above reward by bringing it to the Prince of Wales, Church-street, Parramatta.

**STRAYED**, yesterday, from Woolloomooloo, 2 COWS, each with rope round neck, one branded on hip, one no brand. 10s reward on bringing them home. T. B. B. about Woolloomooloo.

**STOLEN** or **STRAYED**, from my yard, on the night of the 21st January, a light grey MARE, 3 years branded AG near shoulder. Any one bringing this mare to me shall receive £1 reward on conviction of thief, if stolen.

**JOHN MEALING**, Baker, No. 10, Market Street, Bury, Lancs.

**A** CARD.—Mrs. M'ALLISTER, Accommodations  
Elizabeth-street South.

**A** CARD.—Mr. G. A. TUCKER, Bay View  
Private Lunatic Asylum, Cook's River.

**A** DANCE AUSTRALIAN. **A** DANCE

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and retail

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**K** NOW THYSELF.—Phrenological delineation of character given daily by Prof. KELLY, 184, F. L. M. R. W. KELLERMANN, Teacher of Piano Singing. Terms at Messrs. Elvy and Co.

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Lammer's, 419, George-st. Cartes de Visite. 8s.

**C**ARTES DE VISITE reduced in prices. A  
shown for approval. J. T. GORUS, 101, Kin

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PERSONS desirous of obtaining £5 receive £4 10s  
THE ADVANCE GUARANTEED WITHIN  
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D. BILLS OF SALE ON FURNITURE, &c., WITHOUT POSSESSION OR ANY OTHER AVAILABLE SECURITY.  
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## THE DISADVANTAGES OF A CONFERENCE ON ROME.

(From the *Argonaut*.)  
 LORD STANLEY has added apparently with his usual clearness of head in discouraging a conference on Roman affairs. It is said at least, and no doubt upon authority, that he has told the Emperor of the French that no good can come of a general talk upon Roman affairs without a fixed basis for negotiation. This is just what he did with regard to the Conference on the position of Prussia in Luxembourg. Count Bismarck wished to go into conference without pledging himself to act upon its decision as to the question of evacuating or not evacuating Luxembourg. Lord Stanley absolutely declined to do so, holding very justly that to submit a matter to this kind of arbitration can only be of use where the parties to it show both the power and the will to make the result of the arbitration effectual. To appeal to a judge whose authority you have not determined to respect, is a mere device for bringing such appeals into disrepute as artifices for gaining time. No one who wishes to see the council of European nations powerful for peace, will consent to refer to them any question without reasonable promise of their ability to settle it. No force is more dangerous to the peace of Europe than grand international palaver which, instead of preventing, only delays war. It is a resource which an unprepared nation will always fall back upon, in order to gain time for preparation, and so may positively multiply the number and dangers of war, instead of diminishing them. In the case of the London Conference concerning Luxembourg there was, at least, a most clearly defined point under discussion, whether after the dissolution of the old German Bund, of which Prussia was the mere representative in garrisoning Luxembourg, she was or was not bound to withdraw her forces from that fortress, and, if so, on what conditions? It was quite clear that this was a point involving the construction of treaties, on which it was possible for a Conference to come to some decision. And if they did come to any such decision—all parties agreeing beforehand to be bound by it—it was easy to execute that decision almost instantaneously, and without much doubt that, once executed, the matter would be finally settled; for Prussia had but to give the order to evacuate, and it was not likely that, except in case of war, there would be any pressure on her to re-occupy it.

But these two main conditions of success in the London Conference of last spring do not exist in the present case, while all the general objections to conferences of this kind exist in even more than ordinary force. There is no tangible question to discuss on which the opinion of a majority of Powers could have any legal or political weight; and whatever decision might be arrived at there would be little hope of its being really final. Now, a long colloquy between a number of European Powers, interested in very various degrees indeed, from interests like those of Italy and France, to whom the matter is all but vital, down to those of Greece and Turkey, whose chief motive would probably be to rival each other in the favour of the Powers most likely to influence the future of the East of Europe, and a long colloquy, moreover, on so vague a question as the best way of satisfying at once the national feeling of Italy and the dignity of the Pope, could not easily result in any very definite decision, nor even if it did, in any practical policy which could be accepted by the defeated parties as final. It is almost inconceivable that any question tangible enough for practical discussion should be laid before such a Conference. It is quite inconceivable that any decision which should satisfy either Italy or the Pope, or neither Italy or the Pope, would be accepted by the other, and yet no decision is conceivable which would not fall under one of these heads. Either it would satisfy Italy and be resented by the Pope and the ultra-Catholic Powers; or it would satisfy the Pope and be resented by Italy and the liberal Powers; or it would satisfy neither. No decision is possible which would satisfy both. Now, if the Italians were satisfied, and the Pope and his allies were consequently bitterly hostile, how could France dare to leave the Pope to his fate? The Emperor has just given him, under very trying circumstances, a new pledge of support against the Italian ambition. He has just earned the Pope's gratitude and blessing. He has earned it at the cost of completely alienating the gratitude of Italy, and drawing upon himself the bitterest hatred. He has felt the pressure of the Catholic feeling in his own country so strong, that he has been forced to defy the Italian army, and even to deny peremptorily the right of joint occupation. He has driven the Italian troops across the frontier in the face of the Italian statements' assertion of the equal rights of Italy and France in pressing order in Rome. In a word, where there was really a clear opening for admitting a degree of encroachment on the September Convention, the Emperor has found himself compelled peremptorily to forbid it. It is quite certain that all the properly Catholic Powers will support the independence of the Pope. If the Conference were to decide in favour of Italy, it would be solely because the Protestant and half-and-half Powers had succeeded in outnumbering, in conjunction with Italy, the Catholic Powers. How could France do in deference to non-Catholic opinion what she has so recently and peremptorily refused to do on her own account—and this, though she had just been supported in Conference by all those Powers who acknowledge the authority of the Holy See? Were the decision in favour of Italy, it would rest with France whether it should or should not be executed; and it is clear that France having just received the formal adhesion of all those States which constitute Catholic Europe, would be in a far worse position to thwart the Pope in deference to the external opinion of Protestant Europe, than she was recently when she resisted even the slightest encroachment on his power on her own authority alone. We cannot conceive, then, that a decision, which practically gives Rome to Italy against the will of the Pope—who, in all probability, would not even enter into conference to discuss such a matter at all, but who would take refuge in his non-participation—should be admitted by France in the face of the certain disapprobation of Austria, Spain, Bavaria, and Belgium. If, on the other hand, the decision of the Conference should be in favour of the continued secular rule of the Pope at Rome, with guarantees from the Catholic Powers—it is quite impossible that Italy should accept this as final. This has, in fact, been tried, and whatever the Italian Government may wish, the Italian people cannot, and will not, accept a decision which finally denies to them what they consider their natural capital. A decision in favour of the Pope might, indeed, take some of the odious responsibility of intervention off the shoulders of France, but could not, in the nature of things, finally decide anything. The popular aspirations of Italy would remain what they were. The nation would still

only be held back from Rome as a dog is held from its spring by a leash. No European Conference could extinguish a universal popular feeling of this intense kind. France could certainly execute this decision as long as she might be otherwise disengaged, but the Italians would be only biding their time, as they were under the Convention, and the purpose of a Conference is to come to some more satisfactory and permanent arrangement than that of the September Convention. If neither of these solutions can possibly be executed so as to be final, still less could one which satisfied neither Italy nor the Pope—such as a limitation of the Pope's secular power to the City, and an extension of the Italian dominion to its walls. This solution, which would exclude the Italians finally from the one point they most value—their historic capital—and rob the Pope, as he would say, of the larger part of his small remnant of patrimony, would irritate both the antagonists in this controversy, and leave no chance of final solution.

On the whole, then, it seems to us certain that neither could a distinct question of moderate dimensions be presented to the Conference, such as could elicit a decision of the smallest weight; nor even if such a question could be presented and decided, would the decision in the least advance the prospect of a final settlement. But if this be so, Lord Stanley is certainly entirely right in declining to take any part in Conferences which wrangle and break up, only diminishing materially the authority of the bodies, and the chance of their succeeding in coming more to their consideration. Conferences which decide something which is of no effect, and which the parties chiefly interested decline to accept as binding on themselves, are, as Lord Stanley justly thought in the case of the Luxembourg Conference, mere instruments for fomenting the mutual grievances of the various Powers instead of removing them. If Italy had obtained a decision in her favour which France refused to respect, or France had obtained a decision in favour of the Pope, which Italy refused to respect, the Conference, besides having inflicted the general evil on Europe of a solemn council of Powers ending in smoke, would have compassed the special mischief of aggravating the enmities which it was professedly called to allay. From a Conference of this kind it is clearly desirable for England to stand aloof.

Indeed, the known sympathy of the English people with Italy, and their known prepossessions, amounting even to prejudice, against the Pope, all combine to diminish the weight of England's opinion with Catholic Europe; and her only influence, therefore, as a mediating Power, would be in case she were prepared—which is notoriously not the case—to join in a guarantee of any solution which the Conference might decide upon. To go into a Conference for the mere sake of expressing the opinion which, as every one knows, England must express, if she is to speak the mind of Parliament and of the nation, but without any intention at all of backing her opinion by promises of material support, would scarcely either add to our own influence or forward the question under discussion; and we have also to remember that a Conference would probably be supported by many Powers, like Russia, Turkey, and Greece, not for the sake of the special question under consideration, but in the hope of raising other difficult questions of greater interest to these other Powers. In this way, a Conference may become the instrument of opening up a great variety of vague and unpleasant problems in which England is more closely interested, or, at least, believes herself to be more closely interested, than in the solution of the Roman question. We cannot do better than keep out of these perilous and vague discussions, and no one feels this more distinctly than Lord Stanley. We feel sure that we may trust to his discretion for not embarking us on these unknown seas, without some much more obvious resulting advantage than that for which chiefly, in all probability, France is looking—that, namely, of diminishing the weight of responsibility which rests upon her in connection with what we deem the most unfortunate, and, in the end, short-sighted policy to which she has just committed herself afresh.

## THE SOLDIER AND HIS POSITION.

(From the *Times*.)

THE Adjutant-General of the Army has just issued a Circular setting forth the prospects of Military Service in terms so remarkable as to merit special attention. The contrast between the language of this document and the old calvary of the recruiting sergeant is as strong as can well be conceived. There is no appeal to "enterprising young men," no talk of idleness, glory, military adventure, bounty, or spoil. The recruit is not told that he will become a field marshal, or that the profession of the Army is all play and no work. He is simply informed in the plainest words of the terms offered him by the present regulations of the service, and invited to consider whether any ordinary labour or handicraft would, upon the whole, give him a bargain as good. We think, too, that no intelligent man on considering the question would be in much doubt as to the conclusion.

"A soldier," says Lord William Paulet, "from his first joining the Army, receives, besides his lodgings, food, and clothing, a weekly sum, quite at his own disposal, of 2s. 6d. or more." That is the first brief statement of the Circular, and what does it imply? The soldier, to begin with, has no apprenticeship to serve—no time to work through before good wages come in. From his "first joining the Army"—that is, from the very day of his enlistment—his pay and advantages begin. This pay is sufficient to keep him comfortably in all necessities, and leave him a surplus of at least half-a-crown a week to spend or save, as he pleases. Now, measuring wages by what they will bring, is there any description of unskilled labour which will do this for a man? Will the earnings of even a moderately skilled workman provide him all always and infallibly with good food, lodging, and clothing, and yet leave him at the end of the month with a surplus of ten shillings, if not more? Put this is not all. When sick he has good medical advice, "with every comfort." Is that the lot of any agricultural labourer or ordinary artisan? Does not sickness in their cases mean loss of wages, and, except for some prudent provision, a choice between destitution and a workhouse?

Take these for the actual and immediate terms of service offered to the recruit—a certainty of good subsistence, coupled with a surplus of money payment for indulgence or saving. Now look at the chances of improvement. Every young man entering life hopes, or should hope, to better himself, and he is here told what in this respect are the opportunities before him in the ranks of the Army. He has certainly not long to wait. As soon as over three years are over the rise begins, and his profit of 2s. 6d. a week becomes at once 3s. 1d. For this addition to

his pocket money he is not expected to show any extraordinary ability or to become, in the professional sense of the words, a better soldier. It is enough that his "conduct should be good."—In other words, if he only behaves himself properly, he will, though he may possess no unusual cleverness, get an increase of pay without fail after three years' service, and this increase will be doubled, on the same principle, after five years' more. Is there any trade or calling in which a man is thus certain to better himself in wages, even though he may have been unable to better himself in skill?

But now let us suppose that a young recruit does possess some capacity for learning his business, and becoming practically a better soldier than he was. In that case there is a whole career of advancement before him. We will not say, any more than the Adjutant-General pretends to say, that the recruit will rise to be an officer with her Majesty's Commission, though even that chance is really his. But promotion to the grades of non-commissioned officers will undoubtedly follow, and, in the Circular plainly states, "before long." In this event the pay and advantages of the service will be materially increased; and here it should be understood that the Army offers not only every facility, but every help towards this improvement. The recruit is actually furnished with the means of bettering himself, and encouraged to use them. From his first admission to the service "he has the advantage of school instruction, reading and recreation rooms." If he is unlearned, he may be taught. A poor country lad must give up his schooling when he takes to the plough, but a soldier may serve and learn at the same time. He has abundant leisure, and the regulations of the service give him ample means. Will any other trade do as much for him?

There is yet one more condition to be considered. What becomes of the soldier when incapacitated, superannuated, or discharged after his term of service? The Circular answers this inquiry also, in words as plain and straightforward as the rest of its statements. "After twelve years the soldier can leave the service"—that is, if he fancies he should like any other employment better, he can begin life afresh at the age of thirty, with the advantages of an excellent training. If, on the other hand, he chooses to continue in the profession, "after he has completed twenty-one years' service he is discharged with a pension for life." In other words, by the time he is forty he will be provided with a little annuity, equivalent to a subsistence, without having had to purchase it by any payment or contribution of his own. For all this nothing but good conduct is required. If to good conduct there should be added ability, then all these advantages of pay and pension are proportionately increased; but even the ordinary soldier who may fail to qualify himself for promotion is certain of good pay and good treatment for the term of his service, and of a small provision at the end of it.

What, however, is expected of the soldier in return? "The usual periods of service abroad are so arranged that the soldier has an intermediate period of home service, and these changes enable him to see something of the world, and give him an interest in his profession." The case could hardly be stated more fairly. A soldier will be sent abroad, but as a matter of fact foreign service is never objected to, and even service in India is popular. The relief is now conveniently arranged, and the mere going abroad is not regarded as a drawback. As to the risks of hardships of the profession, they are not so great as those of many other callings. Miners work in more danger every day of their lives. It is seldom that the work of a soldier is laborious, and, though the Adjutant-General makes no mention of the circumstance, there is just the dash of adventure in a military life which would be considered by many as a substantial attraction. But the whole gist of this document lies in the contrast which it invites. Every man who has his bread to earn must do something and endure something to earn it. The question is whether the ordinary unskilled workman, and especially the agricultural labourer, can reckon on better conditions of livelihood than the Army offers him in the terms now proposed. Here the Adjutant-General ventures to speak with confidence, and to answer the inquiry which he has himself suggested.

"No labouring man, and very few workmen, can feel sure of greater advantages than those now held out to the good soldier, especially as regards the three important items of lodging, food, and clothing." We think the item of pension might have been added, but the assumption altogether is really justifiable; and this is the true way in which the case should be stated. The appeal should be not to a half-drunken lad in a country pothouse, but to the sober and calculating young men of those classes who live by manual labour. The element of natural predilection will enter into all such considerations, but the fairest way of obtaining recruits is by putting before them, as is here done, the nature of the service expected and the amount of remuneration given, without embellishment, illusion, or disguise. The Army bids for recruits, like any other calling, and it certainly appears to us that, on the present terms, it may bid with as much confidence as the Adjutant-General has expressed in the unvarnished statement before us.

## THE LATE MARSHAL O'DONNELL.

(From the *Paris Correspondent of the Times*.)

MARSHAL Leopold O'Donnell died on the 5th instant at Biarritz, where he had been residing since June last. He had for some years past been subject to an asthmatic complaint, which was aggravated by a cold caught some weeks ago. The family of O'Donnell, originally of Donegal, in Ireland, had been settled in Spain since the beginning of the last century. The father of the deceased General was a distinguished officer of artillery; he rose to a high rank in the service, and his name and that of his brother often occur in the history of the War of Independence. He died soon after the second restoration of Ferdinand VII., in 1823, when Cadix surrendered to the Duke d'Angoulême, and the Army of the Constitution was scattered among the mountains. He left a family, consisting of his wife, one daughter, and four sons. The widow, who died some years ago, was of an ancient but reduced family in the south of Spain, and at the time of her husband's death held a confidential situation in the household of Amalia, the third wife of Ferdinand. Juan, the eldest, succeeded, as *mayordomo*, to the whole of the small patrimony left by the father. Carlos, the second son, obtained a commission in the Guards; and Leopold entered, at the age of fifteen, the service in which his father had gained such distinction. A warm friendship subsisted between Madame O'Donnell and the Princess Maria Francisca, the wife of Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand, and she was no stranger to the plots that never ceased to be concocted within the walls of the Royal Palace in favour of the Infante, who

lived under the same roof as his brother. The death of Ferdinand in 1833 brought on the crisis which was impatiently expected by the Apostolical party, as the partisans of the Infante were called. An insurrection broke out at once in the northern provinces. Madame O'Donnell did not long hesitate in choosing her side. She persuaded her second son Carlos, who was then captain in the Guards, to abandon the cause of the Infant Queen, Isabella, and join the bands which Zumalacarrregui had already got together on the hills of Navarre and Guipuzcoa. Carlos O'Donnell was esteemed one of the best cavalry officers in the Spanish army after Sarsfield, and as the Guipuzcoan chief made some progress in organising his followers, he got the command of a regiment of lancers. Juan, the eldest, who had married an Andalusian lady of some fortune, and did not share the military tastes of his family nor the political animosities of his mother, was settled quietly in France. Madame O'Donnell's Carlist partisanship became more intense, and she did not relax in her efforts to persuade her sons to take up arms for the Pretender. She hastened to Paris to rouse her eldest son from the tranquillity of domestic life, and, unfortunately for him, her exhortations prevailed. He broke up his establishment, left his young wife and two infant children at Bayonne, and passed into Navarre, where he obtained the command of a body of men under Irujo, one of the originators of the Carlist rising. As for Leopold, he steadfastly resisted all her efforts to make him change his allegiance.

In a skirmish between a party of Carlists and the National Guard of Barcelona, Juan O'Donnell was made prisoner, and was lodged in the tower of the city until the time should come for the usual exchange of prisoners. During the skirmish some of the National Guards fell into the hands of the Carlists, and the rumour went that they had been fearfully mutilated. The populace were roused to fury. They rushed to the residence of the Governor, and threatened him and those about him with death unless Juan O'Donnell was instantly executed. Expostulations and prayers and threats were useless; the wretched prisoner was taken from the citadel, and led outside the gates to be shot. The first sight of him roused the mob to frenzy. He was torn from his guards, stabbed to death, and his dead body dragged through the streets.

Carlos, the second son, joined Moreno, and Urbistondo Egui, at Bordeaux, who were waiting for an opportunity to repair to the Pretender, then in Navarre. He was arrested by the French police, tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for having travelled in France with false passports. After many delays and difficulties he at last reached San Esteban, the headquarters of Don Carlos, and was put in command of a small body of lancers, the only body which the Carlists then had. At the head of this small force, which he soon made effective, he distinguished himself in all the affairs which took place with the Christians. His career was a short one. Charging one morning at the head of his lancers two battalions of the Queen's troops not far from the gates of Pampeluna, he was hurried along in the ardour of the moment to a considerable distance from the main body. He was about to cut down a soldier who had also been in advance of his party, when his arm was stopped by a demand for quarter. O'Donnell yielded to the prayer of the suppliant and spared his life. He turned his head round to beckon on his men, who were galloping up to him, when the man he had just spared, observing his battalion hastening up, at once levelled his piece and fired. The ball took effect, and O'Donnell fell from his horse mortally wounded. He was taken up by his own men after routing the Christians, carried to a miserable hut by the roadside, and expired the same evening.

Two sons had thus been sacrificed to the cause of Don Carlos, but there remained the husband of Madame O'Donnell's only daughter and her youngest son, Enrique, a youth of nineteen, who were both ready to take their place, for Leopold still persisted in refusing to abandon the cause he had embraced. The son-in-law (Luis de Coy), accompanied by Enrique, the last of this devoted family, crossed the frontier and joined the expedition of Gomez in the unsuccessful attempt to collect resources for the Carlist army in the Basque provinces and move the South to insurrection. De Coy was killed in the first affair with the Queen's troops. Enrique remained with the Carlists until 1839, when he passed into the service of Isabella. To complete the desolation of this unhappy lady, the only son of Count O'Donnell Labial, her husband's brother, who, like his cousin Leopold, had remained faithful to the Queen, was made prisoner by the Carlists in the province of Alava, while protecting the retreat of Valdez on Vittoria, whither he was rapidly retreating before Zumalacarrregui. The Carlist chief seemed at first disposed to save his life, for quarter was not then always given on either side. O'Donnell was confided to the care of a superior officer of the staff, and was not kept in prison on giving his word not to escape until the fate of certain Carlists made prisoners by the Queen's troops should be known. It was known too soon. The prisoners were executed. The fatal order was given, and O'Donnell Labial, who had dined at the General's table the day before, was taken out before the camp and shot at daybreak.

Notwithstanding the calamities that had fallen upon his family, Leopold O'Donnell maintained his allegiance to Queen Isabella. In her cause he continued throughout to fight and bleed. It was remarked that he hardly ever went into action without being wounded. It 1835 his arm was broken by the fragment of a shell. At Mendrijuria, the same year, he was so badly wounded that for some time his life was despaired of. On his recovery he was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and, after the second siege of Bilbao, to General of Brigade. After the taking of Hernani, Irujo, and Fontarabia by the British Legion under De Lacy Evans, Count Mirasol, who had defended Bilbao against Zumalacarrregui, was named Captain-General of Guipuzcoa. It was an epoch when great demoralization prevailed among the Spanish army. Quesada had been massacred a mile or two out of Madrid, Ecobara had been put to death by his own guard at Miranda del Ebro. Sarsfield had been murdered in a military revolt in Pampeluna. Scarcely a week passed without outrages committed by the troops; and the highest in rank were generally selected as the victims of their rage. The spirit of mutiny spread to the troops under Mirasol, aggravated by their being forced to work in very hot weather at fortifications, and also by the non-payment of their arrears. A battalion quartered in the town of Hernani, a few miles from San Sebastian, refused to take their turn on the works, and, when an attempt was made to enforce obedience, drew up in the square of the town. Mirasol appeared on the balcony of his house to harangue them, but muskets were levelled at him. A young English officer, named Edworth, who had served in the

British Legion, and was just appointed to the Spanish General's staff, was shot down by his side, and a Colonel Rendon dangerously wounded. The house was attacked, and the General had to conceal himself in a cellar. The infuriated soldiers threatened to set fire to it and the town if the obnoxious General was not given up to them. In the midst of the tumult, when the frenzy of the mutineers was at the highest, Leopold O'Donnell rushed among them as they were about to begin the work of destruction. His gallantry in the field, and his just treatment of those under him, had made him popular with the men. He stood alone among them, and they fell back. He called upon them to hear him for a moment. He took off his hat and threw it upon the ground, unbuckled his swordbelt and flung the weapon from him, tore open the breast of his coat, and then besought them, if they were really determined to murder their chief, to begin with him, he should make no resistance; one brother had been torn in pieces by Christians in Barcelona, another was treacherously slain at the gates of Pampeluna, and he, Leopold, was ready to meet the worst they could do to him in the square of Hernani, within sight of the lines of San Sebastian! His courage and address produced the desired effect. He was hailed with shouts of *Viva nuestro Brigadier! Viva O'Donnell!* The mutineers retired under his leading to their quarters, and the tumult was appeased. I may add that Mirasol was escorted to the beach of San Sebastian by two companies of an Irish battalion quartered in the neighbourhood. They placed him in the centre and never left him till they saw him safely embarked on board a steamer which conveyed him to San Juan de Luz. On their return the Irishmen were cheered by the Spaniards, who expressed their regret for having killed an Englishman by mistake. O'Donnell was forthwith named to the command of the army of Guipuzcoa, and held the post until he was summoned to the headquarters of Epartero, at Logrono, in January, 1839. He was soon transferred to the command of the army of the centre, and having forced Cabrera, who was at the head of the Carlists army in Aragon, to raise the siege of Lucena, which, in fact, put an end to the war in that part of Spain, as it had terminated in the northern provinces, O'Donnell was created Count of Lucena, and promoted to Lieutenant-General. He was appointed Captain-General of Valencia in 1840, and tried, in favour of the Queen Regent, as Narvaez had tried a few years before, to counterbalance the immense influence of Epartero. It was all in vain; Maria Christina's unpopularity was too great; and as a general rising was imminent, she had to quit Spain for France. O'Donnell threw up his command and followed the self-elected Queen to Paris. He was allowed by the Government (Epartero having been elected Regent) to return to Spain, and Pampeluna was assigned to him as a residence. In November, 1841, he succeeded in gaining over the greater number of the troops that occupied the citadel, got into it during the night, and began by throwing shells into the town to force the National Guards to "pronounce" against the Regent, while an attempt was simultaneously made at Madrid by General Diego Leon, the Concha, Lersundi, and others to get up an insurrection. They attacked the Palace, and tried to force their way into the Queen's apartments. The attempt failed, owing to the resistance of the Household Guard, headed by Dulce, and the leaders had to fly. O'Donnell's move at Pampeluna of course failed with that of Madrid. He quitted the citadel, and, with the remnant of the troops that remained with him, made his way to the frontier, and arrived in safety at Bayona. He remained in France, principally in Paris, till the summer of 1843, when he returned to Spain with Narvaez, and the other Generals who headed the military movement which ended in the overthrow of the Regent Epartero. Before long O'Donnell was gratified with the lucrative post of Captain-General of Cuba, so much coveted by Spanish Generals who have no fortune and want to make one; and, by all accounts, O'Donnell acted like most of his predecessors, and did not neglect the favourable opportunity presented to him. He left Spain a poor man, and returned from the Havannah with wealth which he could not have amassed out of the savings of his salary, nor by his discouragement of the slave traffic. During his administration of Cuba a conspiracy was discovered for a rising among the slave population, which was sternly put down. The usual period of command in Cuba is, I believe, five years. O'Donnell's was prolonged to the great annoyance of other Generals, who were impatiently waiting for their turn.

When he came back from Cuba he was named Senator, and joined the Moderado Opposition against the Bravo Murillo Cabinet. When Narvaez was named President of the Council O'Donnell accepted from him the post of Inspector-General of Infantry. He continued in opposition to the succeeding Ministries of Roncali, Lersundi, and Sartorius, otherwise known as Count of San Luis. The conduct of this last person made him the most unpopular Minister that ever ruled in Spain. A vast conspiracy was organised against him, both by Moderados and Progressistas, of which O'Donnell was the life and soul. In consequence of an order issued for his arrest in 1854, he had to keep himself in hiding for some months, and all the efforts of Sartorius's police failed in finding out his place of concealment, though it was known he was in Madrid. When the general discontent was at its height he issued a proclamation—which was not, however, liberal enough for the Progressistas; put himself at the head of a body of cavalry that had been gained over by his associates in the plot; encountered the Royal troops at Vicalvo, near Madrid, but not with the success desired; retreated for a while, and again came out with a second manifesto, more in accordance with the wishes of the Liberals, in which he demanded the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1837, which had been extorted from the Queen Regent during the La Granja revolt; reform of the laws of the Press and elections, reduction of the taxes, decentralisation, &c. This declaration was calculated to gain over the moderate Moderados and the Progressista Liberals. The greater part of the Generals and the troops under their orders took up his cause; Epartero joined him from his retreat at Logrono. All chance of resistance was over. The Queen dismissed her Ministers, and charged Epartero with the formation of a new Cabinet, in which O'Donnell had his place as Minister of War. Things went on pretty well for some time, notwithstanding the heterogeneous materials of which this Ministry was composed. But dissensions soon broke out, and finally the Queen dismissed all her advisers with the exception of her Minister of War, and O'Donnell was ordered to form a new Cabinet. This was followed by revolts in Madrid, Saragossa, Barcelona, and other places,

which were put down with the strong hand. In 1857 Narvaez again became Minister, but did not long remain so. O'Donnell was again called to power in 1858, and, as Minister of War and President of the Council, governed the country for a longer time and more ably than any other since the death of Ferdinand. The principal event of this period was the war declared against Morocco in October, 1859. O'Donnell himself took the command in chief of the army, which consisted of three corps, under Echague, Ros, and Zabala, and with a reserve under Prim. The result was the defeat of the Moors, and a peace imposed by Spain on conditions calculated to guarantee its duration. O'Donnell was received on his return with the utmost enthusiasm; for the war against the Moors recalled the old triumphs of Spain against the infidels. He was created Duke of Tetuan and Grande of Spain. Owing to a dissension on Mexican affairs, there was a modification of his post, as President of the Council and Minister of War. He resigned in 1863, and was succeeded by Marshal Concha; but, after a short interval of a Narvaez Cabinet, he was again installed in office, and was again overthrown, and succeeded by Narvaez. O'Donnell spent the summer and part of the autumn of last year at Biarritz, and the winter and spring in Paris. He returned to Biarritz in May last, spent the summer there, and purposed to return for the winter to Paris, and to wait for the next turn of events in Spain. His old complaint returned, and this time was fatal.

O'Donnell married in 1839, while commanding the sub-division of Guipuzcoa, a Catalan lady, the widow of a manufacturer of Taras, near Barcelona. He has left no child to inherit his title, though it is not improbable that, in recompense for his services in the cause of the Queen, it may be continued to his youngest brother Enrique, who is also a General in the service.

## AMONG THE OIL WELLS.

"FRANK," a correspondent of the *Alle California*, gives an account of the oil districts in Pennsylvania. He says—A pressing invitation from a friend, coupled with the earnest desire on my own part to visit the scene of the one time petroleum rage, led my wandering steps to the famous oil wells of Pennsylvania. Leaving Philadelphia at half-past 7 o'clock p.m., in the through train, we sped along with astonishing rapidity through the most beautiful portion of Pennsylvania, passing on our route Lancaster, the home of Buchanan; Harrisburg, the den of thieves, as the opposition papers have it; Williamsport, the great lumber depot; Sunbury, and other places, arriving in Warren at 3 o'clock of the following day. Here the old familiar smile of California welcome shone on the face of my friend, and the warm grasp of the hand, and hearty "How are ye, my boy?" convinced us that the hard lessons of '49 in the mines had softened the heart for all time, and unlike the cold, selfish people of this coast, his old-time friends are still his friends, and affection not thrust from him, in favour of the insatiable desire for wealth which pervades the people of the Eastern Coast. This city of Warren certainly deserves mention. Situated on the banks of that renowned river, the Alleghany, which meanders so peacefully through the hilly country, it is really a most beautiful place; it is more lively and business-like than any of its rivals. It was here that, during the raging of the oil excitement, so many capitalists assembled, and nothing was heard, as subject of conversation, but oil, land, and the millions of dollars to be realised. Warren is located about twenty miles from the principal oil regions; a railroad connects it with Tiditide and Oil City. After some repose from our weary journey, and after the usual exchange of old recollections in the still beloved land of gold, of the fellows who had worked with us in times gone by, some called up from the grave and their virtues canvassed, some congratulated on the final success which had crowned long years of patient labour; we joined once more in a modest glass of *aguardiente*, and prepared for sight-seeing. We don't like the railroad from Warren to Tiditide—it is certainly rather rickety; it is true that on that fine Central Pennsylvania Railroad we had a slight collision, killing one man—"Only a darkey," as the brakeman said—and on the Tiditide road nothing happened; still we were considerably shaken, and, as the schoolboys say, one may as well be killed at once as frightened to death.

Tiditide is not a new place; here has been for many years a sort of lumber depot, prior to the oil-boring mania, a very small place, in the midst of a collection of miserably poor people, whose land was so poor as hardly to pay the cost of cultivation, and whose chief occupation was cutting lumber and rafting it down the river. Here, too, oil used to be collected on the surface of the streams by means of a blanket floated on the surface, which would become well saturated with the oil and then squeezed. This surface oil is of better quality than that pumped from the wells, and still commands a better price. It may be well imagined, however, that the process of collecting was very slow compared with the results obtained by boring. At this time Tiditide has become quite a town, all built upon one street which runs parallel with the river and winds in the same direction. For two and a half, perhaps three miles, this town may be traced along this street.

Hotels appear to predominate, but here, there, everywhere, you perceive new and improved boring apparatus, pumps of every description, iron tubing, barrels and tanks, and pervading all a disagreeable effluvia, noticed only by strangers, I believe, which reminds one of any cleanness, putrescence. Leaving the main street, and commencing our up-hill journey, the first object which attracted our attention as a matter of interest was an immense oil tank, built of iron and capable of containing twenty thousand barrels of oil. As we pushed our way up the steep hill these tanks were passed frequently, some having a capacity of from twenty-five to thirty thousand barrels, others much less. They are built of boiler iron, and cost for construction at the rate of seventy-five cents per barrel of capacity. Reaching the oil wells, much higher up the hill side, we found that the oil was conveyed directly from the wells through iron pipes in a constant stream into these tanks. We found ourselves in a forest of derricks, many of them over deserted locations, but a large proportion still at work—many more than we expected to find.

There seems to be no superficial indications whatever of the superiority of one location over another for an oil well prospect. The land is owned by companies who do not work themselves, but divide their farms up into half-acre tracts and rent them out to parties who will undertake to sink upon them. The terms are generally that within a certain time one well must be bored upon a tract, and one-half of all the oil procured goes to the company for rent. This arrangement, if the well proves a good one



—say one or two hundred barrels a day, is advantageous to both lessor and lessee, but it comes pretty hard when the lessee produces say ten barrels and the operator takes the whole it would pay, but as he has to give up half he is a loser. The wells are bored much as the artesian wells: a derrick is erected and the boring apparatus being suspended and properly directed, is struck upon the ground, and turned at the same time, the striking being done by means of a lever worked by a steam engine, the turning or boring by a man stationed for the purpose. As the hole goes down it is lined with iron tubing two and three quarter inches in diameter, the hole bored being about six inches. When the hole has reached a depth supposed to be sufficient, the tubing which lines it being within about fourteen feet of the bottom, the boring apparatus is withdrawn, and a pump put in to clear the hole of water.

This pump is sent down nearly to the bottom, and is then attached to the lever connected with the steam-engine. In the course of a few days the water is pumped out of the hole, and the oil commences running, with more or less rapidity as the owner is more or less lucky. This oil is generally largely mixed with very salt, brackish water; it is pumped into a tank, generally of wood, which has an outlet at the bottom, through which the water passes, the oil remaining on top. From these wooden tanks the oil is conveyed, sometimes miles, to the immense tanks on the railroad. Sometimes in boring out holes, the crevices in the rocks through which the oil passes are stopped up by the refuse dirt; in that event, it is customary to put down a torpedo and blow it out. This torpedo is sunk sometimes six or seven hundred feet in the ground, under a pressure of five hundred feet of water, and when there, is exploded. The effect is sometimes quite astonishing, the water is blown twenty feet above the surface, and will continue for a length of time to run off. The ground below being thus loosened and the crevices open, the oil pours in. Sometimes it don't, but then the owner is out of luck.

ever known it. It is the most decided game of chance I ever knew. Mr. Hoffman, with the old California prospecting spirit still life in his breast, has indulged himself in a little oil-boring excitement. Not a hundred yards from his industrious little engine there is a stream of oil measuring three hundred barrels per diem, and once from his own tube poured ten barrels now, however, it has grown so beautifully less that a mere greasy trickle, and that only—occasional, is the reward of his endeavour. He did say that he would sink 200 dollars more, in the shape of a torpedo, down that hole, and blow—something—out of it, or sell it. There is great fascination about such prospecting; 5000 dollars sinks your well; you get just enough oil out of it to show that there is oil there; it don't pay; a few hundred dollars blows it out with a torpedo; you get a little more oil; not enough to pay; you stop to think; another torpedo; a few hundred more may produce a hundred barrels a day, and fortune is secured. On the other hand, it may be altogether lost. Some people keep trying as long as the purse can respond, and then of necessity turn sorrowfully away, convinced that no more attempt would have succeeded. I have not mentioned a curious circumstance: Nearly all of the engines are run without other fuel than the gas which escapes from the holes bored. This gas is very inflammable, and is conveyed by means of pipes, under the rollers, and there ignited. Often there is a surplus, which is run out far above the oil, and there burned, which at night looks like the camp fire of an immense army encamped in the hills.

child. Of the astonishing fortunes made, as it were, in a day by the means of the fortunate striking of "the rig," the world is well acquainted; but there is rather an interesting tale told of one who was considered so fortunate. Being true, I will repeat it.

Johnny Steele, the adopted son and heir of an old lady who owned largely in the oil land is the subject of this tale. The old lady, the widow of a farmer, who had resided long in that country, living very poorly, as was common with the inhabitants there, was soon after the discovery of oil burned to death before she had realised what it was to be above want; and her farm, now of immense value, fell to Johnny Steele. His income, it is said, soon amounted to above three thousand dollars a day. Johnny, then about thirteen years of age, was soon introduced into the gay and gambling world, and rushed headlong into dissipation. Money which he had never earned, seemed of little account to him, and many are the tales told of his extravagance. Fancying a carriage and horses as they passed, he bought them, paying four thousand dollars for the rig, and after enjoying one ride he made them a present to the driver. Magnificent diamonds were given to his low associates, and he employed a minstrel troupe to play for his private benefit. Drunkenness and licentiousness were added to his mad career. So careless was he to his own interests, that he would not even pay the taxes on his lands. One can hardly realise a man spending more than his income while receiving three thousand a day; but he did it, and look at the consequence. His wife—for he did get married—procured a divorce, he became involved, ruined, and now he is taking tickets at the door of a negro minstrel performance, miserably poor, bloated with rum, the object of pity. In a few short years—a poor country lad, a millionaire, and a drunken, discredited outcast.

What a song might be written in the style of Virgil—

## THE TEAPOT AND THE TAP-TUR

THE world has witnessed some wonderful conversions lately; but even the combination of Tory professions with Radical practices, and of Conservative government with household suffrage, has been outdone by a conversion on a much larger scale. A whole London trade has suddenly seen the error of its ways and has repented in a body. Temperance principles have reaped an amazing and unlooked-for harvest; and, as schoolboys say, the first and best hope is from an enemy.

Use mining rule. *Quia prima satulatio, et postea mendacium.* *Quod audacter ab urbe.* King Saul among the prophets, and Saul the persecutor merged in Paul the apostle, are not more astounding than the trade of licensed victuallers one and all turning tea-dealers. But this is the fact. An association has been formed called the Licensed Victuallers' Tea Association, and their offices are in the head-quarters of the tea *quartier*, Mincing-lane. The publicans have got a scholar among them, and, mindful perhaps of the little accident which befel their organ—the *Morning Advertiser*—some years ago in venturing upon a translation from the Greek *Libri Principi*, they confine themselves to Latin, and head their circular with a neat version of the Volunteers' slogan, *Defensio non*

*Intercourse.* The licensed victuallers are, it seems, a deeply aggrieved class, and they can no longer repress their divine wrath. They inform us that seven years ago Mr. Gladstone passed an Act which enabled any shopkeeper to retail wines. This was "a direct interference with the trade of the licensed victuallers, and an invitation to other bodies to compete with them for the profits of their own proper and legitimate business." This grievance has rankled for some years, and it accounts for what we could never thoroughly understand—the bitter hostility towards Mr. Gladstone so consistently and pertinaciously displayed by the *Morning Advertiser*. "The grocers were not slow to avail themselves of the Gladstone Act, and have cultivated it with an assiduity which compels the licensed victuallers to consider how they may best protect and indemnify themselves. The result of the deliberation of many of the members of the trade on the subject has been a resolution to resist the rivalry of the grocers in the sale of wine, by the licensed victuallers embarking in the sale of tea." Hence the Licensed Victuallers' Tea Association, which will not confine its charities to itself, but "will be an especial boon to the poor, who are now paying an exorbitant profit to the grocers," &c. A list of agents is promised, the Association will pay for the tea licenses, and the only thing we do not quite understand is whether the publicans' tea is to be retailed in public-houses, or in shops specially set up for the purpose. But we presume the former.

With unusual candour the victuallers take a low ground for embarking in this new line of business. Merely for the sake of spite and retaliation, and in the carnal spirit of carrying the war into the enemy's country, for the publican to turn grocer, and, metaphorically speaking, to convert his sword into a ploughshare—that is, to exchange the very glass which certainly does not soothe, but does madden, for the cup which cheers but not inebriates—is, after all, to act from a low motive, and one which only the licensed victuallers' modesty can have compelled them to fall back upon. We credit them with higher aspirations; they just hint at love for the poor, but we do not hesitate to suggest that even nobler considerations are at the bottom of this decision. A late Lord Mayor gave a Temperance Festival, and during the moral and religious addresses, he reminded the grace of obliquity, giving his citizens beer, wine, and, happily, very little of it. But the publicans, we feel assured, impelled by a higher sense of duty, see the error of their ways, perhaps the sinfulness of their trade; and if society is not yet prepared to relinquish gin, see gin sellers at least as ready to offer us gin's antidote, a mild cup of bohea. The publican turned grocer looks at first a solecism of the nature of Gracchus complaining of sedition, or not to speak profanely of the trade, even suggests Satan rebuking sin. This may be to Satan's credit, though sceptics may hint something about his occasional and private purposes in appearing as an angel of light. Still, whichever way we look at it, the sale of tea by the surveyor, and the liquor trade as a phenomenon of the highest interest, and its future development it would be difficult to forecast. After all, it may be not quite so grotesque or quite so palpable a self-contradiction as it looks; perhaps it is not even a self-denying act at all. There is a connection between a plentiful use of strong waters and copious libations of tea which the victuallers have perhaps been sharp enough to discern. A cup of good strong green tea is the most powerful "pick-up," known; and, on the other hand, floods of tea are said to suggest a washy and queasy state of stomach which, from Mrs. Gamp upwards, is known to be best corrected by a nip—or it may be by

two nips. So that, after all, the encouragement of tea-drinking may indirectly encourage dram-drinking, as, on the other hand, many votaries of Bacchus find the teapot a most useful auxiliary to the brandy bottle. But this practical and hospitable view of the matter detracts from the superb philanthropy of the publican as much as it increases our respect for the commercial sharpness with which he understands his own interests, and we are not disposed to rest upon it. Rather we dismiss it, as we do another cynical objection which would suggest that the publicans have made a mistake in wishing to cut off the grocers' wine trade. The sort of wine which grocers retail is generally, if not exclusively, Mr. Gladstone's 'varet, and he may more such sour stuff is consumed by the people; say, the better in the long run for the vendors of a few potent liquors. No human being can imitate a bottle of grocers' Bordeaux without the immediate effects of a stiff grog; and if the licensed victuallers were only worldly wise, they would see—at least we do—that the distiller's best friend is in the long run the retailer of thin and acrid wines. That is, it might have been more prudent to encourage grocers to sell bad wines for the sake of the good brandy and gin for which that questionable traffic naturally creates a demand. But this subtle advantage to themselves of the present state of things the publicans nobly disregard.

As we have said, then, we take this move of the licensed victualling mind on a higher estimate. There will be some difficulties at first in combining the two trades under one roof or at one bar; but we shall get accustomed to it. Just as at Swindon one never knows what one is swallowing, whether it is soup, coffee or brandy-and-water—each and all being apparently prepared in the same common cauldron, as they are dispensed by the same sulky hater, and, as it seems, out of the same base metal, and—so—then mistakes will, in the novel combination of trades, occur at the Red Lion. Thaddeus Hook used to ask plainlively and soberly for toast-and-water, and the Club waiters always answered the demand by stiff brandy and water, and neither question nor answer on either side suggested the mistake; and under the new Scotch Mackenzie Act it is said that Scotch chemists sell whisky under the pompous nomenclature of the Pharmacopœia. Nor, so the whisper goes, would a fashionable physician's prescription and my lady's "drops" be always found to refuse the alcoholic test. It is just possible, therefore, that when the licensed victualler takes out his tea license, some teacup may be found to be laced—we think the phrase is; but nobody will be the wiser, and the virtue of temperance will be assumed, if not practised, by the sly consumer. It will all be kept quiet, even should it come to this, that the gin-shop tea is found to be so good and strong as to make a veteran Van Dunck himself drunk.

There is but one serious drawback on the success which the new grocers may fairly reckon on. Confidence is a plant of slow growth in the tea-consumer's breast, and the first question that suggests itself to a tea-drinker is about the genuineness of his herb. Now, publicans, as a class—indeed dealers in all fermented liquors—have got a somewhat doubtful reputation as to the absolute purity of their viands. Wine-merchants are such excellent chemists that they can make the choicest port out of the indigenous produce of British hedges and ditches:

and there is not a publican who could get a living unless he knew the art of retailing two hogheads of porter out of one which he gets from his wholesale brewer. Those accomplishments in practical chemistry which the world is uncivil enough to call adulteration and doctoring cannot be unlearned at a moment's notice; and the tradesman of two callings versed in manipulating wine, beer, and spirits will be credited with applying his old art to his new trade. Publicans' tea will be unjustly credited with birchbrooms and sloe-leaves simply because there are such chemicals as cocculus indicus, quassia, and the lighter sorts of vitriol. And there will be, it is to be feared, hardened grocers perverse enough to suggest that the publicans only intend to poison the public on both sides of its throat. This is mere envy and malice, and we dismiss the uncharitable suggestion. Convinced of the good faith of the liquor trade, we only trust that as they are now about to vend bane and antidote with a clear and definite moral purpose, they will go on in their work. True conversion is never effected by halves. It will not be enough for the licensed victuallers to embark in the trade in so unintoxicating and sober a beverage as tea, even in the interests of morality and the poor, without other corresponding reforms in their present business. Our personal experience of the public-house is not large. Indeed it is confined chiefly to refreshment-rooms at railway stations; and we presume that the gentry who keep these dingy dirty hosteleries are licensed victualliers. If so, as at every one of them with which we are acquainted the half-pint glass of adulterated just-one-third of a pint, before the publicans go to their trade and fall foul of the grocers, it might be as well for them to look at home and see to just measures in their present liquors; for, as things now stand, the Tea Association will have some trouble in establishing a character for just weights in their new line of business.

## HOUSE-HUNTING.

(From the Imperial Review.)

BUT we cannot regard the operation of house-hunting, when performed by a pair of lovers, as at all that overwhelming weary thing, that affliction of the flesh, which it undeniably is when experienced by people who are already married and settled in life, and have children, servants, furniture, and every conceivable incumbrance, to move along with them, when they shall have made up their mind where they shall move to. It is generally the wife of one's bosom that suggests what Mr. Micawber—we did not appreciate the phrase in our younger days, but we thoroughly understand it now—so justly called "emigration." With that tact which is proverbially the chief endowment of her sex, she contrives to prepare her husband by gentle but continuous manoeuvres for the fate which is in store for him. She has learnt by this time that he is only a man, and she treats him accordingly. She has made up her mind long before she declares it. She has for some months past discovered that the abode which she found perfectly charming when she was first married is not even fit to live in; but with that saint-like patience which is the secret of her strength, she puts up with the intolerable premises till such time as she considers it discreet overtly and uncompromisingly to denounce them. Meanwhile, she is not altogether idle. If a window-pane is cracked, and nobody confesses to having done it, she gives it as her opinion that the house is "settling," and that such is the cause of the mysterious occurrences. If the children are laid up with cold in the middle of winter, she avers that there is such a draught in the nursery that she wonders they are not in influenza all the year round. Whenever her lord is incautious enough to complain of a joint being done amiss, or a sweet being spoilt, she declares her surprise at the cook being able to serve up a dinner of any sort in such a kitchen; and if some of the domestics take it into their heads to give notice, she is quite sure that no servant ever will stay in a house provided with such wretched accommodation. But such degrees is the way gently sloped for the announcement that they must move into another house. In vain does the husband try the blandishments of a little affectionate Latin, and, translating *ubi uxor ibi domus* for her benefit, assures her that wherever he is, he finds a thoroughly comfortable home, and begs her to think both of the both parties. She replies to such miserable arguments as these, "Easy enough. The Latin adage, she is quite sure, is just about as sensible as most Latin would be if it were only put into plain English. Would he be content to live with her in a tumble-down hut or under a haystack?

Once more, then, has house-hunting become the pressing question of the hour. Agents are written to for their "places" which contain such an abundance of advantages to residents that, at first sight, it would appear as though the selection of a house was the simplest thing in the world, or that if any difficulty attended the operation, it consisted rather in the abundance than paucity of choice. The *Times* is daily appealed to, and daily tells the same flattering tale. Away hie *Paterfamilias*, this time all alone, to examine and report. He can now plead that it would be throwing money away for them both to go on the preliminary journey, and his wife, for her part, has no anxiety to accompany him until he has found what will suit them. To him the duty of rejection, to her that of definite acceptance. She thinks she can trust him to say what will not do, but she is quite sure she cannot trust him to say what will. It turns out, however, that he comes back, day after day, after careering over half a county, only to find that he has seen nothing in the smallest degree likely, and to despair, in the bitterness of a disappointed spirit, that men are liars. The "charmingly rural retreats" of the advertisements were semi-detached villas, a couple of minutes from a vile station. The "park-like residence" was an altered farmhouse with a damp paddock in front of it. The "substantial abode" was of lath and plaster. He returns so invariably with the same story, that she almost begins to suspect he is trying hard to make them remain where they are. He offers to take her to any single one, the advertised description of which has captivated her imagination. She goes, sees, and for once is conquered. She pronounces it horrible. Meanwhile, the expense incurred by all these journeys to the four points of the compass is becoming fabulous. The morning begins, however, they must go on. At length, after something which he half thinks may satisfy her, He is at once rigorously questioned; but he is as stupid as meek and can give no intelligible account of what he has seen. Can he make a sketch of it? No; not if he were to be shot for his incapacity. She must go with him and see it for herself. But she wants to know all about it beforehand. He makes one desperate effort to enlighten her, but is just as incomprehensible as ever. They

then visit him in concert. Of course it will not do at all. But we have occupied so much space already that we are compelled to suppose that it will. And the rent? He does not know. It turns out to be half as much again as he intended to give. Three removals as bad as one, does he say? The first visitation, even for a first, that is, the first visitation, even for a first. At the bare mention of it, Bury for a box of lucifers, and set fire to all you possess. Insist upon the subject never again being mooted, or have immediate recourse to some such modified form of suttee as the above. It has been said that many men have never written a book at all, but that few, if any, have written but one. Instead of men and books, think of women and removals, and sapiently apply the apophthegm against all provocations, "even comest thou to hunt?" "Aye, honey, honey, must I do it once, just as he must once get married. But, somewhat as Lord Chesterfield asked at the end of his first day's hunting, we, too, inquire, "Do some men ever do this sort of thing twice?"

DOCTOR BONOMI.

(From the London Review.)

In the current number of *Fraser*, there is a clever poem, very much in the style of Browning, with the above title. A doctor of medicine settles in a French town and gives out that he is prepared to treat patients under very exceptional conditions.

"When you have found all physicians to fail,  
When every prescription has been tried,  
When the pulse beats no more and the last sigh is sped,  
I will come."

Is a word, when you know that the patient is dead,  
The Doctor?

See how the illustrious Dr. Bonomi,  
For then, in his own graphic words, "all will know me  
To be . . ."

The Only Physician who has any science—  
The Only Bonomi with news in silence,  
The Only one with all the doctors' "science."

It might be thought that a wonder-worker such as this would soon have his hands full, and that every undertaker in the town would be ruined—that the Doctor would be so busy that he would be drowned and the sexton's occupation be gone. The Doctor held out as a further inducement that he conducted business on most reasonable terms—his regular fee was only five guineas, and he made a reduction for the poor, and dealt with children under ten like the railway companies, at half-price. But, curious enough, Doctor Bonomi was totally neglected.

"The doctor he waited, the cleric he cried, Newspaper notations, placards were tried, But not crying, nor crying loudly in vain, And days as they passed made it daily more plain That folk were not eager to bring back again Those who had been *For—no one applied!*"

Not completely discouraged by his first attempt to establish himself, the doctor determined to give another try. He therefore announced that on a certain day "he would go to the churchyard and raise all the dead." The consequences were singular. He was inundated with petitions begging him to raise the dead, and he was so overwhelmed by them upon him, and asked him for mercy sake not to disturb his wife, who had a sufficiently angry lying, while he, her husband, was comfortably married to her maid. After this disconsolate widower appears an affectionate husband, who tells his wife that he is ready to faint at the idea of his benefactor returning to the wicked world again. A brother pleads that his brothers may rest in peace, as he is enjoying their share of a property. A wealthy man, who had nursed an invalid through death, begged the doctor to keep him where he is, as she could not contemplate the idea of watching by his bedside a second time. An individual, evidently of Malthusian propensities, submits that the doctor should not be troubled with the dead, but be revived under any circumstances whatever. Finally, the mayor comes on the scene, determined to put down our friend the Doctor. He is not getting to stand this resurrectionist nonsense! What if the doctor should die, he demanded his own chair and chair of office, and his State carriage—

With your bottles and drugs to the wids of Dahomy,  
There practice at ease on fresh corpse or old mummy  
With medical views, and a philosophic humy.

But only not here,  
Nor out into the London streets, Doctor Broomall!

The humour of these verses may not be altogether new, and the idea is certainly old enough. People suppose to be dead, and coming back to find that the world is not what they thought it was, and that they concern themselves and that their friends and relatives are not only reconciled to their loss, but entertain only an occasional sentiment associated with a recollection of them, is a situation which has not seldom realised with sufficient earnestness the sober truth that underlies those typical cases. The utter forgetfulness of the living for the dead is one of the saddest of human infirmities. The dead are withdrawn and put aside, once we are placed outside the circle of daily communication and intercourse, once we have ceased for ever to be useful, or even useless, our images and memories fade from the minds of those who are left behind, and are shut out of window-pane. Gentlemen of a modern school of thought, many of whom we respect, in shirking the question of the immortal nature of the soul, seem to do so in the hope that they may be able to find it in following intellectual direction, and in pursuing principles of action essentially good, they are welding themselves sympathetically with all that is good existing on earth in furtherance of your thorough materialism, and are most indignant at the thought of the immortality of the soul. Unless as a writer, he does not live in men's thoughts—there is no thought of him in any sense. When he is reduced to that state graphically de-

scribed by Doctor Bonomi we are done with him. He is to be with all of us. If the Doctor were to announce himself as a poet to truth, we should regard him as a modern emetery, we fear that many would hear of him with mixed feelings. We who tread in the shoes of those who have gone before us, would scarce relish the idea of a poet who would be so grossly unmisgiving. Our plans would be disturbed, our schemes thwarted or interfered with we should blush for some things, and take the quickest passage out of our country for others. The writer of the *Bonomi* would be a very competent picture by not prolonging his sketch. He should have described a crowd of fair women rushing to the feet of the wizard, and whispering a list of those they would like to see checked in the breeze, and to be represented as whispering because their husbands were absent. It is true we superstitiously endeavour to speak nothing but good of the dead, but the custom is not so general. The feeling as the old exclamation after meeting was indicative of the times, and we are sorry to say or to hear that there was not a considerable degree of sorrow for those we have lost, experienced by the majority of us, especially those who are the least checked in the breeze, and but it does not continue long enough to reconcile us to a poetical view of the emotion. In a few cases it may continue with a tragic intensity, and a more delicate case it is humbling to reflect how soon it is hidden away in the bosom of a parent and a medicare's care. Of course, it is not difficult to perceive why such an ordering was imposed on us. There is little time for weeping; and we are glad that the writer was not so long at the writing of bad verse. We get an angel on a stone, who becomes mildewed after a time, to do for us. This, we suppose, is as it should be; though no one can ponder on without something like a shudder. Are we likewise to forget the lines which would question who carry us a little beyond Doctor Bonomi, who is indeed a suggestive theme, and who might be made the text of a laudicrous sermon as we have seen in the *Illustrations* of the *Illustrations* of Doctor for themselves in *Fraser*. Their own can supply what the writer has, no doubt intentionally, omitted. The poem was not conceived in cynicism. There was nothing bitter nor harsh about it. It was a tale told in a simple and unassuming way, which it was composed, but the sentiment is sound and wholesome. It commends itself on the grounds of common sense and a practical consideration of the things of this world. It is not an inconvenience which would arise from reintroducing the elements into society, that had been necessarily removed from it. It shows that special economy and good sense in reference to mortality, and how the sting is taken from the sting of death, as far as the living are concerned. Malcholio is not an unpleasant sensation after a time. If Doctor Bonomi were to flourish, we should therefore lose the pleasure of his journey. Besides, we can contemplate death as sleep, and we can go into beautiful ecstasies over an account of the sort of place they would like to have when they would insist on having it. We can be as surgeon immediately after their decease, in the name of Doctor Bonomi advertising in their vicinity. We cannot pursue this endless subject further. It is a Lamb. It quaintness would have such a writer as many of those grim though humorous remarks.

similar to that one which he addressed to the "Sister Viator!" on a tombstone. "Not so soon, friend, as thou thinkest. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters."

## DORE'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF TENNYSON.

(From the Spectator.)

CONSIDERING how often the attempt to illustrate an author, more especially a dramatist, has been published recently, and in failure, it is no common praise to say that Gustave Doré has by his pencil in the illustrations just published by Messrs. Moxon to the *Idyls of the King* given help to the due appreciation of Tennyson's poetry, and literally illustrated his author's meaning. More especially is this true in the case of *Vivien*. To this poem there are nine illustrations, of which the four that represent passages in the direct course of the tale are, perhaps, the best of the series. The first is *Vivien*, *disembarks* "on Breton Sands," and is pursued by her, in the second, "to the wild woods of Brocelande." Admirably well is the affection of the deepest reverence expressed for the poet's *Vivien*. Still more admirably is the half-sacred atmosphere of the idyll translated into pictorial language by the landscape backgrounds, which form a large part of the series of the illustrations. And the first few words uttered by unimportant personages in the opening scene of *Hamlet* lead insensibly to the expectation of strange matters, or as the first line of *Comus* transports the reader to the scene of the drama. In these landscapes immediately take hold of the imagination, and striking as it were the very keynote of the story, place us at once in perfect harmony with the poet. The last of these four pictures is *Vivien* again, "over-talked and over-worn," has told him she will—

a picture which, though taking some liberty with the letter of the text, most fully expresses its sense, and with startling fidelity exhibits the sudden transformation of the pretended worshipper into the pious knight. The scene is a life as action: in the sea fight, and an air of philosophic calm and retirement in the drawing where Merlin binds the young knight's shield with a motto that a little shocks the enthusiastic dreams of the latter. But the "foundling of the table round" is perilously near to stage effect.

If the illustrations of *Guinevere* seem at all inferior to those of *Ivrein* it must be acknowledged that the task was infinitely harder. Wherever there is a supernatural element, Doré's figure bears him to an almost insupportable height. He has to give us the illustrations of *Dante* and *Don Quixote*, and the extraordinary fertility and distinctness of his imagination in producing visions

"Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,"  
Of the same kind is the "sickening fairy circle," seen at evenings by the knight as he rode towards the castle of the Enchanted Rock, and the "sickening simulacrum" of a stream that sweeps and tumbles through a rocky gorge. Here the artist wields a pencil that will not be denied. But in the endeavour to represent the few who have essayed the portrayal of moral perfection in a man. It is an old remark that a perfect character makes but an insipid figure; and it must be so in the case of the artist. The artist, who has the supreme interest in the poem, suffers an anti-climactic in the illustration. Even "the sinful queen" is, for some very different reason, less impressively rendered than might have been expected. But the parting between the artist and the poem is not without a very distinct position of remarkable grace in the forms of the composition, and great skill in painting light and atmosphere.

Through and whole, these illustrations will justly add to Doré's reputation in this country. The original drawings may be seen at Mr. Mozson's, in Dover-street, and the opportunity ought not to be neglected. The English public have to thank him for enabling them to see the artist's work in its original form, and the artist. Generally he has been known only through the medium of woodcuts (in the single illustration of *Elaine*, the first of the present series) steel engravings, and in this present series, the artist's own drawings. To be able to see himself, or so as to be copied, as it were, on the wood (like *Leech*), nor to work out anything like finished studies of light and shade for the engraver (like *Turner*), it will be readily imagined that the artist's power is not only high, but very powerful as an artist, must be very imperfect. By help of the first method, the artist's execution can be imitated, or at least suggested, with considerable accuracy. By the second, the artist's own work in the woodcut may be made to approach, in some degree, to the expressiveness of an etching; by help of the second, the due effect of the original is reproduced with a faithful accuracy, and the artist's own intensities of lights and shadows, without aid from the artist's peculiar execution. But Doré follows neither of these methods. His drawings are slightly sketched, and the engraving is a natural, that is, unaided, and apparently by the engraver, and with a uniform half-shade (or deeper) upon which the lights are painted with a full and free brush in body colour, and the deepest shadows are painted with a brush of a darker shade; there is none; but of the same quality, undepressed in the true sense as the means whereby a conception or idea is thoroughly well conveyed to the mind, there is none. The artist's own work is a very inferior value, and perhaps mere surplusage. As a steel engraver, who is almost bound by the necessities of his process to finish (in the popular sense) the execution of his plate, Doré must be in a difficult strait to follow. For the artist's own work have not only been engraved, but photographed, and the photographs are exceedingly good, rendering most faithfully and comparatively with variation the relative values of the lights and shades.

[illegible]

him you can confide the once-  
rational liquid refreshments, and  
chemists' drugs. On this system  
rare distress can be tidied over with pleasure and  
safety; and, possibly a hard heart or two softened  
the same time. Sweet are the abuses of adversity!

[illegible][illegible]















## SALES BY AUCTION.

## Preliminary Notice.

Important Sale of Superior Household Furniture and Effects.

On the Premises, 205, Castlereagh-street, near Market-street.

**MR. JOHN SOLOMON** has been favoured with instructions from Mr. C. A. Ashmore to sell by public auction, on the Premises, 205, Castlereagh-street, on an early day (prior to his departure for England), the whole of his valuable and superior household furniture and effects.

Further particulars will appear in a future issue.

First French Barrel Flour, First French Barrel Flour, 2500 Barrels.

For Positive Auction Sale, at the New Exchange Auction Rooms, No. 273, George-street, on THURSDAY, 30th instant, time 11 o'clock prompt.

Highly Important To Millers.

Confectioners, Bakers, Storekeepers, and others.

This lot of Flour will be found on inspection to be the finest sample obtainable in this market or any of the neighbouring colonies.

Intending purchasers are particularly requested to test the same prior to the Sale.

Ready for immediate delivery.

**J. D. FOTHERINGHAM and CO.** have been favoured with instructions from the Importers Messrs. Wills, Messrs. and Lloyd to sell by auction, at their New Exchange Auction Rooms, No. 273, George-street, on THURSDAY, 30th instant, time 11 o'clock prompt.

2500 barrels finest French flour.

Quoted the finest sample in the market.

Terms, Liberal, at sale.

K.B. Samples can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

Estate of the late R. Koll.

Books, Box of Wearing Apparel, and Sundries.

**ALEXANDER MOORE and CO.** will sell by auction, at their Rooms, Labour Bazaar, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

One chest, containing 4 revolvers, books, gentlemen's wearing apparel, and sundries.

Terms, cash.

WEDNESDAY, January 29th.

At the Rooms of Messrs. Mason, Brothers, Pitt-street, Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

**GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.**

Tenants room for large shipments now landing.

**EASTHURST**

CHINA.

Important to Country Buyers, the Town Trade, and others.

**MESSRS. CHANDLER and CO.** have received instructions from Messrs. Mason, Brothers, Pitt-street, to sell by public auction, at their Rooms, Pitt-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.

One chest, containing 4 revolvers, books, gentlemen's wearing apparel, and sundries.

Terms, cash.

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One chest, containing 4 revolvers, books, gentlemen's wearing apparel, and sundries.

Terms, cash.

## To Merchants, Warehousemen, Drapers, Country Storekeepers, and others.

Great Unreserved Sale of Autumn and Winter

Drapery, Clothing, Grey Sheetings and Domestic Blankets, &c.

**MESSRS. CHAS. MOORE and CO.** are instructed by the consignees to submit for unreserved sale by auction, at their Rooms, Pitt-street, on THURSDAY, 30th instant, commencing each day at 11 o'clock precisely.

A magnificent shipment of autumn and winter goods, now being landed ex John Dalziel, and partly specified below.

**F.V. in diamond.**

335-1 case men's flannel shirts

336-1 ditto black shirts

337-1 ditto fancy striped shirts

338-1 ditto black shirts and ties

339-1 ditto brown linen shirts

340-1 ditto Saxony flannel

341-1 ditto Saxony flannel

342-1 ditto Saxony flannel

343-1 ditto Saxony flannel

344-1 ditto Saxony flannel

345-1 ditto Saxony flannel

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## Base's Triangle A/c.

For Positive Sale.

**BRADLEY, NEWTON, and LAMB** will sell by auction, at their Warehouse, Pitt and O'Connell streets, on FRIDAY, 31st January, at 11 o'clock.

57 cases Base's A/c, each dozen.

Terms at sale.

WEDNESDAY, January 29th, 1898.

Important Sale of Superior Australian Choice Tobacco.

Regalant's Twist Cigarettes and half-pound Tobacco.

Now landing ex Kullis.

The finest and most choice parcel of first-class Tobacco that has been offered to public competition, under directions from Messrs. R. Towns and Co.

To Tobaccoists, Grocers, Storekeepers, Shippers, and others.

**JOHN G. COHEN** has received instructions from Messrs. R. Towns and Co. to sell, at their Bonded Store, Towns's Wharf, THIS DAY, the 29th January, 1898, at 11 o'clock precisely.

The following assortment of really choice tobacco, viz.:

10 quarter-cases M and W Twist

3 boxes Rosbuck aromatic

3 cases H. C. Hamilton

1 case My own twist

5 half-cases Regalant's twist negrohead tobacco

5 cases Regalant's mahogany dark, 1-lb.

60 boxes sterling ten (10s), very fine

2 ditto Honey chuck

4 ditto Gold-diggers' luxury

1 box hand-pressed, 1-lb.

2 cases Tom Thumt light pressed aromatic

2 ditto Honey chuck

4 ditto Gold-diggers' luxury

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2 ditto Honey chuck

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2 ditto Honey chuck

4 ditto Gold-diggers' luxury

1 box hand-pressed, 1-lb.

2 cases Tom Thumt light pressed aromatic

2 ditto Honey chuck

4 ditto Gold-diggers' luxury

1 box hand-pressed, 1-lb.

2 cases Tom Thumt light pressed aromatic

2 ditto Honey chuck

4 ditto Gold-diggers' luxury

1 box hand-pressed, 1-lb.



**THE CITY BANK.**  
PAID-UP CAPITAL, £200,000.  
NOTICE is hereby given, that this Bank allows INTEREST to its customers at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on the weekly minimum balance at the credit of their current accounts.

On deposits for fixed periods, interest allowed at rates which can be ascertained on application at the Bank.  
By order of the Board,  
**A. THOS. FORD, Manager.**

**AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office, 129, Pitt-street, Sydney.  
MARINE INSURANCES.  
The undersigned are prepared to issue policies for every description of Fire and Marine risks, at lowest current rates. Losses settled, on adjustment, without reference to Head Office.

Marine Losses made payable in England, India, and China, or at any of the Company's Colonial Agencies.  
**MONTEFIORE and T. KLOOT, Agents, Gresham-street, next Exchange.**

**THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY** for LIFE ASSURANCE, and FIDELITY GUARANTEE.  
Annual income—£349,000.

**NEW SOUTH WALES BRANCH.**  
OFFICES—34, HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.  
DIRECTORS:  
**WALTER LAMB, Esq.,**  
**JOHN LAMB, Esq.,**  
**G. O. ALLAN, Esq.,**  
**JOHN YOUNG, Esq.,**  
**C. ROLLESTON, Esq.**

**LIFE INSURANCE.**  
This Society, from its peculiar constitution and the large amount of its income, from both Premiums and invested Capital, is in a position to transact Life Assurance business upon terms unusually favourable to Assureds.

**FIDELITY GUARANTEE.**  
The European Assurance Society is specially constituted to grant Bonds or policies of indemnity to Bankers, Merchants, Public Companies, Municipal Corporations, and others, against losses occasioned by the dishonesty of their Employees.

Government and Bank officials are charged the lowest rates of Premiums.  
**FREDK. J. JACKSON, Resident Secretary.**

**UNIVERSAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited).**  
Chief Office, No. 30, Cornhill, London.  
Sole Agents, Sydney, 129, Pitt-street.  
Paid-up capital, £200,000.  
**W. H. MACKENZIE, Jun., Agent.**  
No. 30, Pitt-street, Sydney.

**THE BRITISH and FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited).**  
Capital, £1,000,000.  
**LORIMER, MARWOOD, and ROBE, Agents.**  
129, Pitt-street, Sydney.

**SIGNOR RAPHAEL'S GREAT AUSTRALIAN CIRCUS.**  
Elizabeth-street.

**OPEN EVERY EVENING.**  
Under the immediate patronage of  
**HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH,**  
who has most graciously granted that honour to Mr. James Cooke and Signor Raphael during his stay in Sydney; also his intention of being present in person on an early date, of which due notice will be given.

The company comprises  
**THE STAR EQUESTRIANS OF THE WORLD,**  
English, Spanish, and American,  
with a highly trained Stud of Horses, and the best brass band in the world.

Doors open at 7.30, commencing at 8 p.m.  
Dress circle, 3s; stalls, 2s; pit, 1s.  
By **JAMES COOKE and SIGNOR RAPHAEL.**  
Smoking strictly prohibited.  
**THOMAS ARUNDELL, Agent.**

**GREAT WORLD CIRCUS.**  
THIS EVENING, Wednesday, January 29.  
Positively LAST NIGHT of the Company in Sydney.

**COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT**  
Mr. S. O. ABELL.  
(tendered to him by the company.)  
On which occasion GRAND and NOVEL PROGRAMME will be presented.

First appearance in Sydney of  
Mademoiselle LOUISE.  
Who will appear in a Double Equitation Act.

**Mrs. M. MURRAY**  
has kindly consented to appear, and will dance a HIGH-  
LAND FLING.

The whole of the STAR COMPANY, in New Acts,  
New Scenes in the Arena, New Jokes, etc.

Last night in Sydney of the favourite Equestrian Drama  
**TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK AND DEATH OF BLACK BESS.**

Acknowledged to be the most highly-trained animal ever witnessed in Sydney.

This is the LAST NIGHT of the GREAT  
WORLD CIRCUS in Sydney.

Admission: Dress circle, 3s; stalls, 2s; pit, 1s. Children, half-price.  
Doors open at half-past 7, performance commencing at 8 o'clock sharp.

**F. H. POLLOCK, Agent.**

**MONS. and Madame SOHIER** beg to return their sincere thanks to the public of New South Wales, for the very large share of patronage accorded to their Exhibition since its opening under their personal management. In fact, more money was taken at the doors last week than during any other week since the opening of their Exhibitions in 1893. Grateful acknowledgments are also respectfully tendered to the Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Sydney Press, for the kind and generous assistance in helping those who help themselves. In conclusion, no effort shall be wanting here, to prove both our gratitude to our discerning patrons, and the truth of the grand old adage, "Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera."

**WAXWORKS EXHIBITION, Pitt-street.**

**POSTPONEMENT OF THE CITIZENS RECEPTION BALL.**  
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

with  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF BELMORE.

and the  
COUNTS OF BELMONT.

In consequence of the continued inclemency of the weather the BALL intended to have taken place, THIS EVENING, in the Pavilion, in Hyde Park, has been POSTPONED until next week.

As soon as His Royal Highness's pleasure is known the day will be announced.

Applications for tickets to be made at the Town Hall daily.

**W. HANSON, Secretary.**  
Town Hall, January 29th, 1908.

**HIPPODROME AT ALBERT GROUND.**  
ANNIVERSARY DAY.

THE WORLD CIRCUS COMPANY regret that the unfavorable weather prevents their naming the day on which the Postponed Hippodrome will be given, but hope to announce same in to-morrow's papers.

**UNDER THE PATRONAGE, and in presence of, H. R. PRINCE ALFRED.**  
THE ABORIGINAL CRICKET MATCH.

In consequence of the unfavorable state of the weather, the above MATCH has been POSTPONED. The day for play will be notified in to-morrow's HERALD.

**PETER C. CURTIS, Hon. Sec. Match Committee.**

**FAREWELL CONCERT.**  
SCHOOL OF ARTS, Thursday, 30th instant.

Mr. THOS. RAINFORD (late of the Christy Minstrel) has the honour of announcing a FAREWELL CONCERT, on the EVENING of THURSDAY next, when he will be assisted by all the available musical talent in the city. Particulars will be duly announced.

**CATHEDRAL ORGAN PERFORMANCES.**—Mr. JOHN HILL, K.S., B.A.M., will play, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, the 1st February, commencing at 2.30.  
**H. EDWARD A. ALLEN.**

**MRS. ALKEN and Mr. T. P. HILL, Musician Hall, SATURDAY.** Vocal and instrumental music.

**ALEXANDRA HALL.**  
Open to-night for dancing. Admission 1s.

## PRINCE OF WALES OPERA HOUSE.

Under the Management of Mr. GEORGE COPPIN.  
Stage Manager—Mr. J. R. GREVILLE.

THIS EVENING, January 29th.  
LAST NIGHT BUT TWO OF  
FAREWELL PERFORMANCES, UNDER THE  
SPECIAL PATRONAGE  
OF  
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.

THIS EVENING, January 29th.  
The entertainment will commence with  
PAUL PRY.  
Paul Pry.....MR. GEORGE COPPIN.

To conclude with the  
TURNER GATE  
Crack.....MR. GEORGE COPPIN.

TO-MORROW, Thursday, BENEFIT OF  
MR. G. H. ROGERS.

Mr. COPPIN, in terminating his managerial career in Sydney, trusts that the novelty, talent, and attractions introduced have given satisfaction, and begs to announce his FAREWELL BENEFIT.

FRIDAY EVENING, January 31.  
Upon which occasion he will appear as TOM PECK-  
OVER in the Contested Election, and  
THE WANDERING MINSTREL.  
A few Parting Words.

SPECIAL NOTICE.  
ROYAL COMMAND NIGHT,  
and  
STATE VISIT  
OF  
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.,  
SATURDAY EVENING, February 1st.

In order to give an entertainment worthy the occasion, it will be necessary to adopt the following:

PRICES OF ADMISSION:  
Dress circle, 10s; stalls, 5s; pit, 2s 6d; upper circle and gallery, 1s.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.  
Arrangements have been made with the celebrated tragedian Mr. WALTER MONTGOMERY, for TWELVE NIGHTS only, commencing MONDAY, February 2nd, at the Prince of Wales Opera House, with his grand impersonation of HAMLET.

His Excellency the Right Hon. the Earl of Belmore. The Exhibition will be opened by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh THIS DAY, at 3 p.m.

THE PUBLIC will be admitted to the Lower Gardens from 12 till 6 p.m.

THE CHIEF Attraction during His Royal Highness's Visit will be the Grand Floral Fete in the Lower Botanic Gardens.

EXHIBITION, THIS DAY. Admission, 5s; Open from 12 till 6 p.m.

THE EXHIBITION will be OPENED THIS DAY by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and His Excellency the Earl of Belmore, the Ministers of the Crown, and His Worship the Mayor of Sydney.

TICKETS may be obtained at Domain, Battery, and Lodge Gates.

DANCING Assembly Rooms, 75, William-street.—Mrs. CHARLES READ'S Class This Evening.

REVENUE and EXPENDITURE of the MUNICIPALITY of NEWTOWN, for the half-year ending 31st December, 1907.

1907—August 10.  
To Government endowment for the half-year ending 30th June, 1907.....£700 1 5

Received from Mr. Ring towards the cost of harbing and guttering adjoining his property.....110 3

Received from the Trustees of the Cook's River Road, towards the cost of harbing and guttering the said road, between Mary and Wells streets.....25 0 0

Rates collected under assessment at the rate of one shilling in the £, from July 1st to December 31st, 1907.....153 8 0

Arrears.....112 0

Kingston ward.....170 11 0

Arrears.....9 0 6

O'Connell ward.....158 5 6

Arrears.....9 18 0

Balance A. J. S. Bank.....197 3 6

22130 4 1

1907—June 30. Cr.  
By balance due to A. J. S. Bank.....650 6 2

IMPROVEMENTS.  
ENMORE WARD.

December 31.  
By Camden-street.....£53 19 10

By Camden-street.....4 18 4

By Camden-street.....124 6 8

By Camden-street.....114 6 8

By Camden-street.....2 10 11

By Camden-street.....1 1 0

By Camden-street.....7 5 6

By Camden-street.....55 8 0

By Camden-street.....4 3 6

By Camden-street.....24 7 4

By Camden-street.....6 9 3

By Camden-street.....49 12 0

By Camden-street.....14 6 7

By Camden-street.....11 8 9

By Camden-street.....5 13 9

By Camden-street.....2 16 6

By Camden-street.....289 18 11

By Camden-street.....472 18 3

By Camden-street.....105 10 1

By Camden-street.....2 1 3

By Camden-street.....2 1 3

## ACCOUNT OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF NEWTOWN, for the HALF-YEAR ended 31st December, 1907.

Aug. 12—To endowment paid by Government on rates collected during the half-year ended 30th June, 1907.....£700 1 5

Sept. 14—Rent received for portion of Council Chambers.....0 17 0

Dec. 31—Amount of arrears collected and paid into Bank.....11 17 0

Rates collected during the half-year ended 31st December, 1907.....249 5 3

Cheque not presented.....5 4 0

Balance due Australian Joint Stock Bank on account of cash credit.....197 18 6

6585 19 8

1907. Cr.  
June 30—By balance due Australian Joint Stock Bank.....£54 11 9

Improvements as under:  
Camden-street.....£205 12 5

Dowling-street.....0 7 0

Burton-street.....0 7 0

Camperdown Road.....81 18 0

Stephens-street.....27 12 11

Elizabeth-street.....0 7 0

Camperdown-street.....0 7 0

Grove-street.....6 4 6

College-street.....0 6 0

University-street.....0 6 0

Thomas-street.....0 6 0

Susan-street.....9 18 4

Brown-street.....21 13 2

Biograph-street.....1 7 0

Denison-street.....1 7 0

Australia-street.....69 14 6

Dec. 31—Salaries £102, advertising and printing £10 16s 6d.....62 16 6

Rent £15 12s, general expenses £13 14s 10d.....29 6 1

Contingencies.....12 12 11

Interest to date.....5 17 11

£585 19 8

I certify the foregoing account to be correct.  
MICHAEL MORATH, Mayor.

We certify that all the books of accounts, vouchers, and other documents in support thereof, in possession of the Municipal Council of Newtown, have been exhibited to us, and that the foregoing statement corresponds with the aforesaid books of accounts, vouchers, and other documents.  
THOMAS BAKER, Auditor.

Municipal Council Chambers, Cook, January 25, 1908.

PIANO-FORTES and HARMONIUMS from all the principal manufacturers in LONDON and PARIS, with every modern improvement.

At the LOWEST PRICES.  
NEW and PORTABLE PIANOS, at prices from J. H. ANDERSON and SON, 360, George-street.

THE ROYAL VISIT QUADRILLERS, played everywhere. ANDERSON and SON, 360, George-street.

VISITORS TO SYDNEY are respectfully REQUESTED TO INSPECT the IMMENSE STOCK of

PIANO-FORTES and HARMONIUMS at W. H. PALING'S WAREHOUSE, WYNWARD-SQUARE.

INSTRUMENTS sold at GREAT REDUCTION for CASH.

PIANO-FORTES and HARMONIUMS may be ADVANTAGEOUSLY PURCHASED on EASY TERMS.

NEWEST and MOST POPULAR MUSIC 35 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

W. H. PALING, Agent for Erard, Auer, Kirkman, and Alexander, 83, William-street, Sydney.

ROYAL VISIT WALTZES, with portrait of H.R.H. Prince Alfred, 4th edition, OCEAN PRINCE GALOP, by D. CALLEN, to be played at the Citizens' Ball, in the Press.

BAZAAR.—Visitors to Sydney will find at LE-MAIRE'S London and Paris Toys and Fancy Goods, the best of everything, at the lowest prices. In the large gallery you will see the wonderful Exhibition clock, with footstep, fall of water, singing, feeding, drinking, and flying birds, and a variety of other useful and ornamental articles too numerous to mention. At 472, George-street, opposite the Markets, late Trade and Co.

COPPERWORK manufactured, Steam Fittings supplied of every description. WILLIAM ROBINSON, 67, Sussex-street.

CORK.—Superior samples just arrived, on SALE, in bulk to suit purchasers. W. SHORT, Victoria-street.

CAMDEN Pressed Oaten HAY for SALE. STEPHEN NUTTER, Calcuttan Wharf, King-street.

BONE-DUST for SALE. £5 10s per ton. STEPHEN NUTTER, Calcuttan Wharf, King-street.

FOR SALE, a splendid TRANSPARENT, by the Chevalier de la Bourne, at 12, price, £10. Apply to Mr. S. L. HERALD Office.

POOP, Scrap, and Cast Iron, and Steel, on SALE. LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO.

NEW ZEALAND FLAX, best quality, on Sale, in lots to suit purchasers. LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO.

LEAD and FINE LEAD on SALE. LAIDLAY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's-cha-belle, on SALE. HILTON BROWNE and CO.

OLDEN'S celebrated CHEESE, North Wiltshire, on SALE. HILTON BROWNE and CO.

SEED POTATOES, Sougham, Oats, Barley, &c., on SALE. HILTON BROWNE and CO., Seed Store, HILTON BROWNE and CO., 230, Pitt-street.

## COOK and STEWARD wanted for the American Lightship LIBRA, bound hence to San Francisco via Tahiti, none but the best and most industrious need apply to Captain Percival, on board, or to Bailey and Scott, Pitt-street.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—A Gentleman of mature Sydney firm, with the highest testimonials, used apply to Captain Percival, on board, or to Bailey and Scott, Pitt-street.

EMPLOYMENT.—Young Man seeks EMPLOYMENT, willing to accept of any position useful. A. B. WILLIAMS, 2, Park-street.

GOVERNMENT WANTED immediately for a family nurse. Bathurst; first-class acquisitions. Indispensable. Apply at Landhouse House, Bathurst.

OFFS. Wanted to Purchase Old or New HOOPS. State quality and price to Mr. HERB, 10, Pitt-street.

IRON TANKS WANTED, 3 or 4 cheap. Tanks, HERALD Office.

INSURANCE COMPANIES FIRE BRIGADE.—Wanted, for the above, a young Man as Night Watchman, age not to exceed 25 years; must be a strictly sober person, active and clean-shaven; must apply, but those possessing the above qualifications need apply. Salary, two guineas per week. A copy of the duties required can be seen at the Engine Station any evening after 7 p.m. All applications to be made by letter addressed to the undersigned, Charles Brown, superintendent, Fire Brigade, Engine Station, Bathurst-street.

MEDICAL.—A highly qualified Gentleman, of middle age, and with extensive experience, desires to meet with PROFESSIONAL OCCUPATION. Would take charge, in absence or illness of principal, or assist with partnership or succession. Ample means. M. D. 381, George-street.

NELDERMAN.—Wanted, a thorough New South Wales woman, and to assist with children. Refers to Mr. H. B. Beauchamp, Bathurst, Kirribilli Point, North Sydney.

TO DRAPERS.—Wanted, two good HANDS. Perry, Brothers.

TAILORS wanted: Tailor-women wanted. Robinson and Sons, 226, George-street North.

TO BAKERS.—Wanted, PARTNER, must be a practical man, to join partnership with a capital of £100. No. 30, Elizabeth-street, Sydney.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—An experienced Assistant open to Engagement. A. W. Gordon and Co., George-street.

WANTED, a good General SERVANT. Apply after 10 p.m. to Mrs. H. B. Beauchamp, Bathurst, Kirribilli Point, North Sydney.

WANTED, a young GIRL, as under Nurse. Apply 290, St. John's-street, Darlinghurst.

WANTED, a SADDLERY, 40, Saddle and 41, Fruit Shop, Lyons-terrace, Hyde Park.

WANTED, a respectable GIRL, as General SERVANT, to assist with children. Apply after 10 p.m. to Mrs. H. B. Beauchamp, Bathurst, Kirribilli Point, North Sydney.

WANTED, a HOUSEWIFE, must be able to wait at table. Clubhouse Hotel, Castlereagh-street.

WANTED, a smart LAD, willing to be useful. Clubhouse Hotel, Hunter and Castlereagh streets.

WANTED, a good General SERVANT, must be a good Cook. 234, Erskine-street.

WANTED, a good General SERVANT (English), 180, William-street.

WANTED, a good FRENCH POLISHER, as W. Alexander, 234, Macquarie-street.

WANTED, a young GIRL, as General SERVANT. 147, William-street, Woolloomooloo.

WANTED, to SELL, 9000 OAK SHINGLES, 18 per 1000. Douglas, Lower Bourke-st., Woolloomooloo.

WANTED, a good General SERVANT. 142, William-street.

WANTED, a MACHINIST, for leather work; wages £1 10s. Sweeney and Son, 124, William-street.

WANTED, a respectable competent COOK and LAUNDRY, 142, Albert-street, Macquarie-street.

WANTED, for a Ladies School, a PROFESSOR of FRENCH. A. B. M. Maddock's, George-street.

WANTED, a General SERVANT. Mrs. O'Brien, Native Home, Brisbane-street, Sheriff's Gardens.

WANTED, a General SERVANT; also, a Nurse Girl. Mrs. Shadler, 69, Hunter near Macquarie-st.

WANTED, a respectable young WOMAN, as Nurse. Carlo Cottage, Victoria-street.

WANTED, good Criminal Sheet Tailors and Finishers. 76, Elizabeth-street, Newtown.

WANTED, immediately, a first-class MACHINIST, with own machine. 347, Castlereagh-street.

WANTED, a General SERVANT. Mrs. James B. Ebbington, Lyndhurst, Globe.

WANTED, to Lease, a small COTTAGE near Town. 35, Botany-street, Surry Hills.